

AN
ENGLISHMAN'S
REMONSTRANCE:
INSCRIBED TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
BRASS CROSBY,
LORD MAYOR
OF
LONDON.

By WILLIAM SHARP, Jun.

*Ita præclara est Recuperatio Libertatis, ut ne Mors
Quidem sit in repetenda Libertate fugienda!
Magna spe suscepimus, tamen decertandum est.*

Cic.

L O N D O N :

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PRELIMINARY Lines written on the day
of HARRY LUTTRELL's first sitting as
Member for MIDDLESEX.

Why am I dull, why in this pensive mood,
You kindly ask, when fortune from her wings,
Sheds on my sweet retirement every good,
Which lifts the soul to scorn the pride of
KINGS.

When Love for *me* has form'd the richest feast,
That beauty e'er to young affection gave,
When my young *Pratt'lers* as by truth im-
prest

Bless all a Father's prayers. Nor friendships
leave

Me once, o'er human treachery, to mourn
One social hour unpaid ; one hard return :
Why yield I then to dark distress the hours,
Nor taste the vernal sweets that nature pours
So lavish now to glad the eye and heart ?
'Tis, that I see fair *Freedom* hence depart ;
'Tis that my friends, my offspring, all I hold
Dear to my soul, are to a *STUART* fold.

PRELIMINARY REPORT
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE
MORRIS HILL

With and for the people of
the State of New York
in the year 1881

ALBANY:
J. B. LEECH, PRINTER
1881

THE STATE OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF
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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
BRASS CROSBY.

MY LORD,

WHEN I do myself the honour of presenting you with the following Verses, I hope your Lordship will permit me to confess from whence the pleasure of your *Acceptance* of them will arise.

It is, my Lord, the acknowledgment it will convey of the favourable opinion you entertain of my *Sincerity*, in a Cause, which has all your Lordship's noble zeal and endeavours.

However unequal the lines now submitted to your Lordship, they are expressions of a heart early impressed with

vi DEDICATION.

with a love of LIBERTY ; (a love which grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength) and of course which has felt much, and apprehends more, from the cruel violations of public freedom, which have been, and still are the subject of national distress.

My Lord, your glories fill the kingdom with admiration and esteem. While others disgracing their high character, as hereditary or appointed *Trustees* of *Liberty*, revolt from every purpose of their designation, crouch at the foot of power, and implicitly surrender to *ministerial* bidding ; while others, who have made a *good profession*, have left their *first love*, and are become slow and inert in the public service ; your Lordship's conduct has been uniform
and

DEDICATION. vii

and steady, like the principles of truth and the constitution, on which it is founded.

Tempora te spectant volventia semper eundem.

Your greatness has risen with the occasion, and carried you to all the honours of *imprisonment*. I ask no pardon, my Lord, for the seeming hardness of this expression. The supreme honours which dignify human nature are only to be obtained in the field which your Lordship has engaged in. However opposed by *numbers* of mercenary troops, your Lordship will never be a deserter from that field; and your *imprisonment* was as nobly supported, as it was arbitrarily commanded.

Hence will history make a prize of the *record* (never to be *erazed* or *altered*)

viii D E D I C A T I O N.

tered) which attests your Lordship's virtue; when the poor creatures, who are marked out by *court favour*, and *strung* round with its gew-gaws, are forgotten, or mentioned, if possible, with aggravated abhorrence.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, with the warmest sentiments of gratitude and veneration, ever attempted to be conveyed, in the most just address to your Lordship when in the *Tower*, and with every personal respect and esteem,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient Servant,

Newport,
July 22, 1771.

W. SHARP, Jun.

R E M O N S T R A N C E.

THINK not, much honour'd CROSBY,
that the Muse
Of thee forgetful, shall her Lay refuse ;
While celebrating those whom she approves,
She views thy firmness, and as viewing loves.
With rapture flows her poor but grateful line,
To mark thy fame, and hail the trophies
thine.

For what her plan ?—No partial duty hers,
She looks around, and only worth prefers.

B

Far

Far from the scene where villainy maintains
 Its bauble shew ; whence issue death and
 chains.

Where, as high painted folly has the knee,
 And laws of rule are *public misery*.
 Midst a vile age, when all her sisters turn,
 And brib'd in prostitute embraces burn ;
 Chaste and unspotted she her virtue shows,
 Nor yields to fawning friends, nor threat'ning
 foes.

No—thanks to heaven, I long have learn'd
 to scorn,
 All the mock greatness that's by villains worn.
 Thanks to my country, if I yet may dare,
 Unfearing power's rough arm my thoughts
 declare :

My

My heart's warm sentiments of love or hate,
And spite of NORTH confess a CROSBY
great.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Was there an *hour* which dear remembrance
owns,
When Freedom smil'd on *all* her virtuous
sons ;
When sober Truth with Loyalty took part,
As mutual blessings cheer'd each honest
heart ?

There *was* that hour : I oft review the day,
 Beneath an elder * GEORGE's gentle sway ;
 Late was that day, when every *Freeman*
 found,
 Himself a lesser *king* on his own ground.
 Then mildly rose the morn, Heav'n, Earth
 and Sea,
 Wore one extensive smile of cloudless day,

* What praise (says one of the most eminent of English writers) do we not owe to George the Second, for his steady *alherence* to our *constitution*, his *impartial* protection of *all* in their respective rights ; his *resolution* and *firmness* in circumstances of imminent danger ; his *courage* at the head of our armies ; his compassion and unexampled *lenity* ; his cordial attachment to the *Protestant* religion, and his inflexible abhorrence of persecution. In his reign, disaffection had no grounds for *Remonstrance*, from violent inroads on the constitution, *dispensing* with, or *managing the laws* ; *illegal exactions* of money ; *arbitrary fines* and *imprisonments* ; bodily punishments inflicted without *law*, or partial dispensations of *mercy* to those who were lawfully condemned.

As

As then illustrious, on the sea-beat coast,
 Was seen the powers divine—our England's
boast

Fair Freedom! widely flow'd thy azure vest,
 Expressing emblems brighten'd on thy breast,
 Not as of old—describ'd with *cap* and wand,
 What time old Rome acknowledg'd thy
 command ;

But thy best hand, a radiant flag display'd,
 Where the red cross of *England* shone pour-
 tray'd

In glorious folds, it floated o'er the sea,
 And at thy feet, the *English* *Lion* lay.

Then didst thou sit, and from thy rocky
 throne,

Survey the spacious ocean all thy own ;
 Far o'er the blue expanse direct thine eye,
 'Till the last billows swell'd into the sky ;

Where

Where fleecy vapours round th' horizon
roll'd,
And the clouds glitter'd with ethereal gold.
Faint image! tho' each wave the blaze re-
turn'd,
And like the sun along the furge it burn'd ;
When *Victory* fill'd her wreath for *George's*
head,
And all the oceans of the deep obey'd.

Is there an hour, whence beaming on her
friends,
Of truth and honour seeking noblest ends,
Of public welfare, as of private blifs,
HOPE can look forward to a scene like this;
When *Justice*, long obscur'd, at virtue's call,
Shall rise and vindicate the rights of all :

On

On *England's* plain, shall bid the shepherd
sing,

And the glad Muses tune the grateful string;
When the same views, tho' variously exprest,
Glow in the Premier's and the Peasant's
breast :

Does *Hope*, by *Candour* led, such scenes
pourtray ;

She does, nor darkly owns a distant day :

Tho' *Bute's* proud clan (that Sorcerers at
their head,

Whose black arts strike a nation's laurels
dead)

In counsel set, enjoying all our woe,
And meditate to make the cup o'erflow ;

Ye

*Ye great Remonstrants! It is yours to bring,
Health to the Realm, and honour to your King*.*

Ask you whence hope can cheer your present woes?

Let all who hate, with all their strength oppose.

Success will ever smile where honour's clear,
If those who know, with knowledge persevere.

* Remonstrance! 'Tis another word for safety,
The wise attend it;—and (tho' stubborn pride
Speak different lessons) court it: TRUTH they seek,
And finding her are blessed, as they bless:
Were I a MONARCH, spurning selfish courtiers,
I would adopt *Remonstrants*; I would honour,
Yes, to my grateful bosom would I clasp them;
Who most oppos'd my errors. I would call them
Near to my throne, and by my gracious answers,
Turn sorrow into shouting.

MSS. 1763, yet in desk.

WHAT

WHAT tho' Court flatterers for their pro-
 mis'd gold,
 So vilely got, so liberally told,
 In prose and verse, or neither verse nor prose,
 Curse all, as Faction's sons, who dare oppose,
 Tell you when Freedom claims your shel-
 t'ring arms,
 The sinking fair, but gives you * *false alarms* ;
 When from your hand the spotless *Charter's*
 torn ;
 And *England's Freeman* is no Freeman born ;
 Tell you thus scourg'd and bleeding to the
 bone,
 'Tis rank *rebellion* to pour forth a groan :

WHAT tho' those wretches, of still baser
 hire,
 Who feel no private wants, in league conspire ;

(No

* Vide Pensioner Johnson passim.

(No private wants, but those which Avarice
gives,

To those with "*Plums*," who scarce support
their lives)

In duteous order, if the sum's secure,

Call chains a grace, and black pollution pure;

In duteous order be the tickets given,

Prefer Saint James's gate to that of *heaven*.

DESPIS'D by all, who knowing com-
mon sense,

Can see where reason differs from pretence;

What tho' *professed friends* the cause forego,

And bought by interest, join the antient foe;

Talk much of coolness, and that temper'd
skill,

Which bends to Cunning's rule, the jarring
will;

Or

Or now by *Envy*, to vile discord wrought,
Fear their own wraths, and curse the field
they fought ;

Then gently yielding to the treach'rous times,
Swim down the stream, and swell the sea of
crimes ?

Still on the *public mind*, this truth remains,

* *An Englishman was never made for chains.*

WHAT tho' those *Cowards*, who if sworn
to speak

Their thoughts, would vow their rulers vile
as weak ;

* “ It is Liberty and Commerce, to which our Mini-
“ sters are mortal foes, which alone humanize mankind,
“ and make the difference between the *Moors* on the
“ *Niger*, and *Englishmen* on the banks of the *Thames*.”
See that great writer and glorious patriot, William Tem-
ple, Esq; of Trowbridge.

C

Who

Who oft, where *Friendship* form'd her generous band,

Mourn'd o'er the bleeding miseries of the land;

Or now more free, no fiery danger known,

In warm resentment scarce could spare the throne :

Now the clouds thicken, now the billows roar,

Pronounce with doubt that two and two make four ;

Now the clouds thicken, now the tempest brews,

Clung in a cavern, even a wish refuse ?

Curs'd by such miscreants shall my country lie

Mangled, unaided, tho' her death stroke is nigh ?

Let

Let the poor vassals to some tyrant throne,
 Where Nature's rights are lost, or yet un-
 known,

When the proud foe in dread array draws
 near,

Nor grasp a shield, nor drop a patriot tear ;
 Let them, at home, when haughty nobles
 wage,

Fierce party feuds, and war with mutual rage,
 Care not on whom the strokes of fortune fall ;
 Sure *Slaves* themselves to *either* or to *all* :

But ne'er shall Englishmen, to slavery broke,
 Bend to a foreign or domestic yoke :

Sooner let rising earth the whole devour,
 And doom'd by fate, be *this* our final hour.

VALOUR this wreath confirms. And tho'
distress

In private fighting, often doubts redress ;
In mighty league as *tyrant power* she sees,
And begs *oblivion* for an hour of ease.
The *public mind* to its first impress true,
Admits no claim, its spirit to subdue ;
New strength from time, its native ardour
gains,

And spurns at proud prerogative and chains :
So did our great *forefathers* live and die,
Steady to *Truth*, and brave for *Liberty* :
And gave this solemn charge to every son,
“ Guard more than life the laurels we have
won.”

TE

TRUE doctrine! But our sager maxims
hold,

Truth, however great, be not at all times told;
For oft where *patriot* zeal her rights would
plead,

Power hurls new vengeance on the virtuous
head;

And *Freedom* far from gaining what she prays,
Her patron's weakness, with his wish betrays.
This have you own'd, tho' burning at her call,
And speaking to your friends, have spoke
to all;

Whom honour owns, tho' braving in this land
Power's bloody rod, at least its curbing hand.

THINK not my Song's best patron, when
I speak,
Inspir'd by fond fair hope, I'm grown so
weak,

Whate'er

Whate'er I write, whate'er I can design,
To think the Court will take its views from
mine ;

To think that wretches long inur'd to find
Their profit, in the plunder of mankind ;
At once corrected will resign their prize ;
And chang'd to Freedom's side her phalanx
rise.

No, far from this : I see what *Wilkes* has
writ,
With all that force which *judgment* lends to
wit ;
With all the pointed clearness of that truth,
Which would adorn the zeal of some fond
youth,
To vindicate his plighted fair from harms,
Whom slander stab'd, as *Envy* view'd her
charms ;

I know,

I know, tho' thousands kindle at his flame,
How vain his various efforts, *how* o'ercame.

YET tho' vile *Ministers* may truth defy,
Say, shall my *Sovereign*, whom no bribes
can buy,
No different interest from his people feel,
Refuse, when *Freedom* condescends to kneel;
No, by my warmest loyalty, I swear,
When *England* pleads, an *English* king shall
hear.

AND does our Genius, like good Angels
sent
Of old to *Lot*, his ruin to prevent,
In dread alarm, bid us for life escape,
Up to the hills; nor make our ruin cheap

By

By looking once behind: does she of those,
 Who form'd our guardians, have betray'd
 as foes,

The guilt proclaim, the deeds in thunder tell
 Of men for gold, who *public Freedom* sell:
 Does she lament the *best of Kings* enclos'd,
 And all his gracious purposes oppos'd,
 By men of wicked minds, who seize the
 helm,

And spread distraction through the groaning
 realm;

And do not at the warning voice appear,
All who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

THEY do, from every quarter of the land,
 And sworn on Freedom's shield, her rights
 demand:

Above

Above corruption, as unknown to fear,

* *All who have eyes to see, and ears to hear.*

YE great Remonstrants! pardon me the
name,

Your wish is virtue as your deeds are fame ;

Unheeding insolence, proceed and bring,

Health to the Realm, and honour to the King.

PURE as the code, which *Wisdom* when
alone,

In strict review, with rapture knows her own ;

* When these verses were written, this line would not have impeached the author's knowledge of politics, or subjected him to the charge of " dealing in fiction." But, it should be noted, the people are unaltered in their sentiments, and invincible in their spirit. Grievances, so capital as those which *remonstrance* has stated, cannot long remain unredressed. English men *will* convince the authors of their distresses, that they have more than " eyes to see, and ears to hear."

D

Which

Which weigh'd by *Justice* in her equal scale,
 Receives at once the sanction of her seal ;
 To which the weak look up for certain aid,
 When *Lords* or *Kings*, turn'd *Tyrants*, dare
 invade ;

Shall LAW now mourn her late unspotted
 page,

Tortur'd to glut an exil'd minion's rage ;
 Shall LAW lament, in anguish of despair,
 She gave us BRUNSWICK, but has lost his
 care ?

CAN MURDER shouting shew his bloody
 hands,

His pension'd ruffians and his numerous bands,
 And the wrong'd FATHER look with va-
 cant eye,

Nor call down vengeance from th' affrighted
 sky ?

It

It cannot be ;—nor if from heaven descends,
 Yet one blest beam to succour Virtue's friends;
 Yet one blest beam, the erring mind to guide,
 Imploring subjects *cannot* be deny'd :

'Tis not for * *George* when you present the
 scroll,

Inscrib'd by Truth, and piercing every soul,
 As it recounts your wrongs ; to turn away,
 And aggravate distresses by delay.

AND whither, O ye Muses, would you lead,
 Does fancy charm me, or does reason plead ?

* The *Frenchman* says, with as much wit as boldness, Les princes invisibles et effeminés devant lesquels c'étoit un crime digne de mort que d'oser paroître *sans ordre*, & dont la seule presence glaçoit le sang dans les veines des *supplians*, n'étoient plus, vus de pres, que de foibles idoles, sans ame, sans vie, sans courage, sans vertu. Livrés dans le fond de leurs palais à de vil esclaves ; séparés de tout commerce, comme s'ils n'avoient pas été dignes de se montrer aux hommes, ou que des hommes faits comme eux, n'eussent pas été dignes de les voir ; l'obscurité et la solitude en faisoient toute la majesté.

Bursting the bonds, which *prejudice* so long
 Has boasted as her own, and made so strong;
 And scorning all those Parasites who dare,
 By impious arts, the royal mind ensnare;
 Do I, instructed by *Remonstrance*, see,
 A King *free-made*, declare his *people free*;
 Their injur'd rights restore—and from his
 face,

The traitors fly, who work'd the land's disgrace;

Save those, by vengeance with the laws combin'd,

As dread examples to their fate consign'd?

SWEET are the warbling notes which *Love*
 inspires,

When Beauty first th'impassion'd bosom fires;
 In melting accents when *he* wooes the maid,
 Or sings his conquest in the woodland shade.

And

And sweeter still may gentle *Pity* boast,
When now she rears the Orphan reckon'd lost;
But, what these notes, tho' magically sweet,
To those which ENGLAND's "*best of*
Princes" greet;
When * RIGHTS RESTOR'D shall be the
general song;
And every vale the raptur'd strain prolong?

THUS great ELIZA (*Honour* grave her
name !)
Adorn'd her character and fix'd her fame;
Misl'd by those who pleading loyal zeal,
Won by their arts, and trod on public weal;

* Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis; dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Fusus et imperio parabat,
Contaminato cum gregē turpium
Morbo virorum———Hor.

When

When black *Monopoly* her people griev'd,
Heard their complaints, and as she heard re-
liev'd :

“ My heart's warm thanks by duty are your
own,

Who bring this plain *Remonstrance* to the
Throne.

Where *Truth* should dwell, where *Goodness*
should be found,

And shed its cheering beams on all around ;
You scorn that *Cowardice*, which meanly
lies,

And fancy's lightning in a *Monarch's* eyes :
Hence are my *errors* chas'd, my *will* to bless,
Stamp'd on each heart by giving you Redress.”

F I N I S.